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VOL. 46—No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

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MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing at St. George's Hall, 16th December (*Creation*); Perth, 22nd (*Messiah*); Dundee, 23rd; Aberdeen (Choral Union), 1st and 2nd January; Inverness, 7th; Glasgow (City Hall), 9th and 10th. For engagements en route, all communications to be addressed to 32, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing a new song, "SING NOT OF THE PAST," composed expressly for her by THOMAS TREKELL, at all her engagements in the north of England during this month and January.

MADAME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Llandudno, December 21st; Bangor, 22nd; Carnarvon, 23rd; Liverpool, January 2nd and 4th; Buxton, 5th; Manchester, 6th; Chester, 9th.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will recommence her Pianoforte Recital Tour in the Provinces on the 3rd February. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 28, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

M. AND MADAME PATEY beg to announce that their Provincial Tour will end on the 30th inst., after which date they are free to accept engagements up to February 1st.—9, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) will sing at Hull (*Alexander's Feast*), Slathwaite, December 21st; Dumfries (*Messiah*), 23rd; Peterhead (*Messiah*), 25th; Aberdeen (*Messiah*), 26th; (Abstainer's Union Festival) Edinburgh, 1st January, 1869; Dunfermline, 4th; Kirkcaldy, 5th. For Concerts and Oratorios, address—Miss Hiles, 5, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

MISS ELENA ANGELE will sing at Dumbarton on the 22nd; Dumfries (*Messiah*), 23rd; Peterhead (*Messiah*), 25th; Aberdeen (*Messiah*), 26th. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 59, Queen Anne Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—23rd inst., Southwark (*Messiah*); 28th, Brixton; 31st, Brixton; January 15th and 16th, St. George's Hall, Liverpool; 18th and 19th, Broughty Ferry, Dundee (*Samson*); 20th, Aberdeen; 21st, Edinburgh; 23rd, Glasgow; 25th, Newcastle; 26th, Walworth; February 22nd, St. John's Wood; March 3rd, Hackney; 11th, Croydon; 15th, Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 31st, Birkbeck Institution.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing the celebrated "SONG OF MAY" by VINCENT WALLACE, on Tuesday, January 5th, at Banbury, in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.

M. MAYBRICK (Baritone), from Leipsic and Milan, begs to announce that he is in Town for the Season. For Concerts, Oratorios, etc., address, care of Messrs. HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

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SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he is free to accept any Engagements for Concerts and Oratorios from December 4th until February 10th. All communications to be addressed to Signor Foli, St. Michael's Villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

BRISSAC'S New Brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Isleworth, on Tuesday, December 29th. Tickets and Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street; and at the Public Reading Rooms, Isleworth.

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MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. Macfarren's Recital, at Isleworth, December 29th.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Store Street Rooms, January 9th, 1869.

M R. CHARLES STANTON will sing BLUMENTHAL'S "THE MESSAGE," at Solihull, December 21st.

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PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

(Continued from page 829.)

After his first three appearances at the German opera-house in St. Petersburg, in the autumn of 1833, Holland's engagement was sanctioned by the Intendancy, and he remained attached to the establishment till May, 1833. Among the female singers who belonged to the company during the time he did, the best known were Madame Kressner-Pohlmann, Mdlle. Neureuther, Mdlle. Bothe, Mdlle. Reithmaier, Mdlle. Carl (the Berlin Mdlle. Carl of 1825), and Madame Hoffmann-Greis; among the male singers, the principal ones were: Herren Vio, Langenhausen, and Hoffmann. At a subsequent period, grand opera was entirely given up, only vaudeville and the spoken drama being retained. The stage management of these departments had, since 1833, been confided to my friend, who found scope for his varied talent in the impersonation of *bons-vivants*, chevaliers, and simple boys, as he had previously done in operatic parts. I extract the following passages from the first letters he sent me after his successful *débuts* (as Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, Johann von Paris, and *Fra Diavolo*):—

"One's condition in this theatre is not so bad as I thought it was, if you only look at matters quietly, dispassionately, and impartially. There is, it is true, an immense degree of disorder, but I hope that this evil will be gradually remedied. The cabals here in St. Petersburg, though so extremely celebrated, are not greater than those in any other Court Theatre; people applaud one another, and try, at the same time, to trip each other up—one's adversary generally stumbles, but very seldom indeed falls to the ground, because it is so difficult to work upon the public here, and impossible to affect the Intendant, Prince Gagarin. The latter is a cold proud man, but as firm as a rock in keeping to his word, besides being, in every respect, just; the director, Herr von Helmersen, is an out-and-out good, friendly and well disposed man; the stage-manager, Herr Barlow, a Sir John Falstaff, a lump of tallow fat, always ready with the words, 'A cup of sack, sirrah!' but a good natured fellow. The others are blind-worms, who consume themselves in their own gall, and are, therefore, harmless."

One of the first things Holland endeavoured to do, as soon as he had obtained a firm footing himself, was to procure engagements at St. Petersburg for such of his friends as appeared likely to be useful. Concerning myself, he wrote to me thus:—

"The first *Capellmeister*, Cavos, insists upon conducting all operas of any importance himself; he is, it is true, an old man, but vigorous, quick, active, and much esteemed by the General Direction. He is an Italian with grey hair which he dyes quite black, and he already wears Russian orders of merit; to judge from his look, you would suppose him to be man of forty, but *en vérité* he must be at least sixty. He gives great satisfaction. In his case, therefore, it is only his advanced age which could justify any hopes on our part. The position of Keller, the second conductor, is very subordinate, and would not, therefore, suit you. His business: to hold primitive rehearsals with such singers as cannot learn their parts without the help of some one else; to strike the bell in the *finale* of the last act of *Fra Diavolo*; to beat the gong in *Die Vestalin*, and to command the wind, thunder, lightning, and whole bag of tricks in *Otello*—and, *enfin dans un cas plus favorable*, it would not become you to conduct *Der Schiffsgeist*, *Das Ehepaar aus der alten Zeit*, and similar masterpieces. But have patience! I am not entirely without influence, and matters may still, perhaps, be so arranged in some other way, that we may yet work together again."

At Easter, 1834, Holland came to Riga for a few days, in order to arrange with a lawyer a judicial separation from his wife, because, both he and she being Roman Catholics, the marriage could not be religiously dissolved. He was perfectly successful. His wife (who died only a few years ago) immediately became the companion of Harry Kesleoot, a theatrical manager in different parts of Lithuania and Poland, and, in course of time, made their second daughter, Mascha Holland (now in Mayence), an excellent bravura singer. Holland, on the other hand, was fortunate enough to find subsequently in the charming *soubrette*, Mdlle. Gerstel, a true friend, who left the stage to fill the position of mistress of his house. He had previously succeeded in making up for the loss of his wife by seeking the society of friends possessing similar tastes and opinions as himself, for, nearly at the same time, Weitzmann, and Wangenheim, the Riga virtuoso on the flute

(who was also a man highly gifted intellectually and well read), obtained, through his means, in July, 1836, appointments in the Imperial orchestra. The trio adopted *noms de guerre*: Holland was called Meister Murr; Weitzmann, Carlo Dolce, and, also, Kreisler; and Wangenheim, Meister Abraham. The letters I received at this period used to contain waste-sheets, as they were termed, and were in two, and frequently three different hands. On one of these waste sheets enclosed in Weitzmann's letter of November, 1835, Holland describes very comically the arrival of his old friend and new fellow-lodger, who had just given up his post as conductor at the theatre in Reval:—

"—Was he to perish in the ruinous and mutual working of the most different natures upon each other engaged in continual opposition? Might not the charming youth just as well have come here last year on receiving my well-meant invitation, instead of humbugging about in Reval, where, by the way, he is said to have filled the post of conductor with credit to himself, as well as with great satisfaction and benefit to his friends—instead, I repeat, of humbugging about in Reval a whole year? Well, he is here at last, and Apollo and the nine Muses will see to the rest. But what an introduction, mad and wild, quite worthy of him! He arrives—pays a visit to his Meister—at the moment busy in his laboratory—and, as a matter of course, does not find him at home. A wine-shop, situated opposite the Meister's residence, beckons him in a friendly way, and he repairs thither. Throwing himself in no ends of a position, to disguise the provincial, he cries out, with the scurrilous smile so peculiar to him: 'A steak!' 'What?' was the reply, given simultaneously with the order. 'With potatoes,' continued our bright youth, in anticipation of the coming treat, and smacking his tongue gracefully. 'I think this is strange, sir,' said the attendant. 'Why? Do your customers eat chestnuts with their steaks?' enquired the visitor, proceeding quietly into another room, where he suddenly found himself in the society of sundry barrels, funnels, pails, &c. The attendant trotted anxiously after him, and said: 'If, sir, you want to play the spy, you had better go to some other establishment; you will get no informer's share here!' The clouds, which usually forebode the approach of a storm of irony, began to gather upon Kreisler's face; but reflecting that in this country he could not blame anyone—even were that anyone a wine-seller—for being prudent, he said: 'You are mistaken; I simply desire a steak, no matter with what, a glass of wine, and then—' 'Indeed? A glass of wine as well? Do you not know where you are?'—'Certainly, I do, most worthy sir, in a wine-shop.' 'And you ask for a glass of wine? That is strange!' 'By Jove, I find what you say still more strange!' With these words, Kreisler, thinking he had got into a lunatic asylum, left the place, and proceeded immediately to the Meister's abode. On the stairs he was met by an individual humming, in the most free and easy way imaginable, a phrase from Katzenmüller's *Fantasia*,* which he embellished with some wonderful melisms. A glance, a return glance, a falling-round the neck, a return ditto, and you have the recognition scene. It was the Meister. 'For the sake of the divine Bacchus, explain, Meister, what has happened to me,' screamed Kreisler at the top of his voice, and then told me, with sundry humorous additions, the above adventure. 'Oh! you big spoon!' said the Meister, 'did you not know, my sweet loafer, that it is forbidden, under a heavy penalty, for wine to be vended in glasses at wine shops? This is allowed only at eating-houses, &c., &c.'

Respecting Meister Murr's material circumstances, Weitzmann wrote in his very first letter: "Friend Holland occupies a princely set of seven rooms, stuffed chokeful of mahogany furniture, pier-glasses, Teschner's grand pianos, and pictures of all kinds. Thanks to my assistance, he possesses at present a complete collection of Beethoven's Symphonies and Overtures for four hands, as

* Casimirski was a Polish musician in St. Petersburg, with one of whose Fantasias we accidentally became acquainted in Riga. It contained so much downright trash, that the composer's *nomen proprium* was raised to the dignity of a generic appellation, and "it is a genuine Casimirski" was the expression employed to designate any piece of musical rubbish. Holland and I enjoyed, also, another and similar sweet reminiscence of our student life in Berlin, during which there appeared in print a typographical and musical monstrosity with the title: *Petit Fantaisie pour le Clavecin, composé et dédié à sa sœur par A. Friedländer, étudiant en médecine*. It was a genuine Katzenmüller, and the copy of it is still in my library; *Ilias ante Homerum!*

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

well as all the pianoforte compositions of Mendelssohn and Schumann." The reader will perceive from this what kind of compositions Holland's genuinely artistic nature led him to prefer, and the necessity he felt for such works was increased when the circle of similarly thinking friends was also increased by the admission of two young virtuosos, Wagner, the clarinettist, and Vollweiler, the pianist. Both had come from the south of Germany to the extreme North, merely for the purpose of giving some concerts, but they settled permanently in St. Petersburg. As a matter of course, the spirit of merry jocularity reigned supreme in the newly formed community just as it had always reigned before. I heard wonderful stories of the effect produced by a trio, the joint production of Wangenheim, Weitzmann, and Holland, for flute, violin, and tenor. Unfortunately, I never heard it played, though I know the titles of some of the numbers, such as: "Danse Macabre," "Chant des Sirènes," "Fêtes des Sylphides," etc., and as a specimen of the composition, which was full of similar orthographic and etymological rarities, I was once shown a curiosity the following:—



This was in the year 1836. . . . was not Ben Akiba right?

Holland's income increased with his constantly growing popularity, in consequence of which latter his annual benefits were so lucrative that under any circumstances—even despite all his splendid hospitality—he might, after a twenty years' residence in St. Petersburg, have left Russia with an independence, had not a taste, manifested first in that capital, for costly collections, partly swallowed up his large income. He began by decorating his abode with "pictures of all kinds," and making a small, but, for St. Petersburg at that period, a very dear collection of music; subsequently, however, he commenced getting together a library of polite literature, the splendid bindings alone costing thousands of roubles (in those days, *scilicet* paper), and all these books he was compelled to sell at a ridiculously low price; had he not done so, the carriage to Germany, and the warehousing of twenty ponderous chests, would have entailed upon him a further disproportionately heavy expense. Scarcely was this bibliopol(e)ical greed appeased, ere an eager desire for the portraits of important personages took possession of him. Large sheets of paper and small sheets of paper—provided they bore the semblance of a human face—were rummaged up by dozens, from all the nooks and corners of the capital; carried home at a considerable cost; and classified and put into portfolios according to sex, time, and rank. In this case, as in so many others, the maxim: "principiis obsta," held good. There was no end to his purchases.* Connected with them, too, there was the very pardonable desire for exact bibliographic notices concerning the apocryphal owner of such and such a visage, a desire naturally necessitating fresh acquisitions and fresh expense. Holland, however, very skilfully employed his collection, which had gradually become very comprehensive, as an authority for new stage costumes, and thus conscientiously performed, in this instance, as well as in others, his duties as stage manager. In fact, my late friend, was distinguished generally for an unusual love of order. For instance, eversince the commencement of his theatrical career, he wrote out all his parts, with calligraphic perfection, in his own hand, noting down accurately upon the reverse side on what day and where he had sung each part, with what "Guests,"† how often he had been called on, &c., &c. What would I give to have at present the bills of all the operas and concerts I have conducted during the last forty years! We rely in youth only too much on our good memory; but the freshest Present becomes at no distant Future the grey Past—a fact I would have all my younger brothers in art mark well.

* During a hasty business-visit to Berlin, he bought at Haase's all the portraits to be obtained there of members of the Second Chamber of that period, for 10 silver groschens a piece.

† The English equivalent for the German word "Gast" (literally "Guest") is generally, though not always, "Star."

The merit of my excellent friend did not go unrewarded. According to the laws then valid in St. Petersburg, a foreigner was entitled to a pension after a ten years' engagement, though, if requested by the Intendancy, obliged to serve for two "grateful" years, as they were styled, that is to say, he drew his former salary in addition to his pension. This plan was naturally pursued for our friend as well as for others, but, at the expiration of the twelve years, his engagement was renewed for four years longer at the end of which it was renewed for as many more, so that for ten years, Holland drew simultaneously his full salary, and his full pension. Then, however, he could not stop any longer in St. Petersburg. Death had deprived him of his faithful companion; the climate no longer agreed with his impaired health. Wangenheim and Vollweiler were dead, and Wagner and Weitzmann had long since exchanged the Neva for the Isar and the Spree; so, in May, 1853, he gave up his position to seek in Germany a new residence and a new sphere of action.

Among the characters created by him during his career as a singer, the character of *Masaniello** was unconditionally the best. In the scene of the fourth act, "Besser, als dein Degen schützt das Gastrecht Dich vor Gefahr,"† the situation suggested to a painter of St. Petersburg, Julius Klinder, the well-known picture containing striking likenesses of Holland as *Masaniello* and of the beautiful *danseuse*, Nowiczka, as *Fenella*. The picture has been lithographed and published. As stage manager, Holland, by the way he got up, and placed upon the stage, Halevy's *Juive*, extended the fame of the Imperial German Theatre far beyond the Newski-Perspective.

HEINRICH DORN.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN THE DARK.

Mr. Sol. Smith, an American gentleman who can preach a sermon as well as he can sing a song, tells some good stories in his published reminiscences. Among other things, he relates an adventure in a Kentucky village, where he and a concert party once found themselves. Says Mr. Smith:—

"It soon became noised about that we were 'show folk,' and a very strong request was made by the citizens of the little settlement that we should give a performance in the parlour of the hotel or tavern. We acceded to the request after considerable persuasion, and quite a number of persons, male and female, collected about the house just before dark.

"Remembering the difficulty I had experienced on a similar occasion many years previously, when we were obliged to use potatoes for candlesticks, I made inquiry of our landlord as to the manner of lighting the room for the intended performance. The reader will scarcely credit me when I say that neither a candle nor a lamp could be procured in the neighbourhood! Of course, we expected this would end all idea of the proposed performance; but we were mistaken. The villagers insisted on the fulfilment of our promise to give them a 'show,' and at last, as a bit of fun, I told them that we would perform, if they would be satisfied that we should do so in the dark. The crowd agreed to this willingly, and I here record the fact that we gave an entertainment, consisting of songs, duets, recitations, and instrumental music, in total darkness! The performance appeared to take well with the audience, the applause being liberally showered upon us. At the close I dismissed my 'patrons' with the assurance that we charged nothing for our services on that occasion, which seemed to please them even more than the 'entertainment' which had drawn them together, three tremendous cheers being voluntarily given to the 'show folk' as the delighted Bean Stationers groped their way to the door, and the tired travellers felt their way to their several dormitories.

"Next morning we found that our hotel expenses had been settled by some of the leading gentlemen of the village, who had been instrumental in getting up the entertainment, and we wended our way toward the North Carolina Warm Springs."

* Before the opera was produced, Holland wrote to me: "Au comble du bonheur, *La Muette* is permitted, only it is to be given with some few alterations. For instance, the name of *Masaniello*—as historical—must not be retained. I have already three others *in petto*, namely: *Leporello*, *Truffaldino*, and *Tarentello*, the last in reference to his madness, as though he had been bitten by a tarantella. O the superhuman wisdom of some people!"—The name of *Masaniello* was, however, retained after all. This very last summer, an old theatre-goer of St. Petersburg assured me that the fanaticism excited by Holland in his performance of this character was vividly recalled to his mind by the stupendous success of Madame Pauline Lucca.

† The French runs thus:—"Mieux que votre épée L'hospitalité vous défend."

ROSSINI COMMEMORATIONS.

The musical world has been very busy of late commemorating Rossini. It has gone into the work with zest if not in every case with tact. Columns upon columns of biography and eulogy have appeared in every civilized language; so many columns that most probably laborious triflers are at this moment computing how far they would reach if put in line on some king's highway. Then there have been projects for statues, busts, and monuments; there have been also "dead" marches, *Stabat* innumerable and disconsolate groupings on operatic stages, according to various national habits and tastes. Last of all, the now greatest of Italian composers, Signor Verdi, has suggested a mass, the joint work of himself and his musical co-patriots which shall be for ever consecrated to Rossini's memory. Without caring much for any work to be so produced, we must regard Signor Verdi's scheme as approaching most nearly to a genuine expression of admiration and reverence.

We confess to very little respect for the official fuss that has been made over Rossini's grave. That enormous gathering of the Parisians, through which the funeral train made its way, was a far more worthy tribute, even after deducting the large per centage of *badauds* therein contained. It showed how a knowledge of the man had permeated society through all grades; in other words, how great he was, because how familiar to the little. The living Rossini was more the visible embodiment of an institution than he was a man, and when he died the world had a consciousness of loss, which it was at no pains to conceal. That feeling might have been taken advantage of to work much good for the art Rossini adorned. Now the chance has past. In our quickly moving age public emotion, however profound, soon wears away, or is changed by the rapid succession of events. Hence there is nothing to be done now with the noble sorrow evoked by music's recent loss. Properly handled, it would have supplied monuments to the departed master such as scholarships in every musical conservatory, the only monuments for which the man thus honoured would have cared. But the leaders of musical society took no action, being far less wise in their generation than the speculators, who were promptly in the field. Doubtless some among the latter were sincerely desirous of paying respect to a great composer, but they also took care to make as much out of his death as possible. To our English tastes the methods adopted in certain cases were puerile and contemptible. The French cities, or rather those who manage such matters therein, seem to have played *Guillaume Tell* with remarkable unanimity. As the greatest work of its composer, and one specially written for the French stage, the selection was both natural and right. But to announce as part of the attraction a kind of semi-funeral, semi-theatrical proceeding, in which Rossini's bust, crowns of laurel, black scarfs, and stage groupings were principal features, seems to us unworthy and degrading. We read that in one case a mythological flavour was added to that of the cemetery and the theatre, by the addition of nine "ladies of the ballet," who, appropriately (scantily) attired, represented the nine Muses, and looked with professional languishment upon the marble features of the composer. No doubt the show, as a show, was effective, but any one not to the manner born can hardly regard it as other than unworthy.

We are told that in Italy the popular movement runs in favour of statues, of which there are not less than twenty already proposed. This is better than laurel-crowned busts and the "nine Muses"; but, unfortunately, English people can never think of statues without a shudder. Having vivid recollections of Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park Corner, the first suggestion of a statue to any great man is about equal to a proposal that he should be burnt in effigy. But when we sit down and calmly consider that they manage statues better in Italy, and that under Italian skies there is no necessity for the paint-pot or the mop, our objections gradually lessen. They do not disappear in this special case, because Rossini needs no statue. His works are made of more durable stuff than either bronze or marble, and alone will hand down his name to remotest time, not in twenty places only, but wherever music is loved. The money would, therefore, have been better spent in encouraging Italian art, thus furthering the wishes Rossini expressed by the final disposition of his property. Signor Verdi's pro-

posal with regard to the mass has but one drawback in itself—the certainty that such a work, written by many hands in various styles, will be an inartistic thing. Outside itself, however, there is a consideration yet more formidable. Signor Verdi and the venerable Mercadante, apart, we know of no Italian composers at all likely to write anything worthy of the occasion, or which the public will care to hear repeated. At the same time, we fully recognize the obligation under which many Italian composers have been placed by Rossini, and can quite sympathize with whatever desire they may entertain of doing something in its discharge. Meanwhile, Italy awaits the body of her illustrious son, which, if report be true, will ultimately rest in the land that gave him birth. The first obsequies were French, and in them France expressed her admiration of one who, during many years, graced her capital city. In the second, on Italian soil, Rossini's countrymen will be able to express whatever feelings they have with regard to him.

England has done her part in commemorating Rossini after a characteristic fashion. Here there was no talk of statues, which doubtful honour is reserved for statesmen and warriors, ornamental or practical. Neither was the stage-manager called in to consult with the scenic artist. When Rossini died only one lyric theatre was open in the three kingdoms, and the ordinary business of that one went on as though nothing had happened. At last, a musical society played the "Dead March" (as much a general utility piece as "See, the Conquering Hero"), then another repeated it, in addition to the *Stabat* and a *Requiem*. Finally, "the Palace of the people's pleasures" gave a selection from the master's works, and exhibited a few relics. This was all—yet not all, because, as usual, behind a lack of demonstration there existed a great deal of deep and true feeling. Our national stolidity belied us in this as in so many other respects. In no country had Rossini admirers more ardent than in England, and in no country are his works more deeply appreciated. Hence, the death of Rossini created a genuine sensation, which outsiders can only estimate by the number and character of the articles poured forth from the press. These may be accepted as fairly representing it. In all respects—for graceful expression of sorrow, for fulness, correctness, and good taste, as well as for an enlightened estimate of the composer's work—the Rossini articles in our newspapers and magazines have done credit to the nation. They are really the national tribute to the departed master, one which, in its way, has not been equalled anywhere.

As time runs on and men get out of the ruts worn by their predecessors of a less enlightened age, it is probable that the style of "commemorations" will change. We have seen that, now, they are money-making speculations, fanciful suggestions, tawdry exhibitions, or barren expenditure of that which might be fruitful. A more utilitarian age will have none of such things, but will turn the death of every great master of music into an occasion for providing means whereby successors can be secured, and the art encouraged. We ought to have Rossini scholars in every great European city who shall be emulous of his fame, even when not endowed with his gifts. None of them may prove equal to their great predecessor, but musical mediocrity is better than stage properties, faded *immortelles*, and all the rest of our accepted paraphernalia of respect.

THADDEUS EGG.

ROSSINI'S BIRTHPLACE.—It is stated in all the biographies of Rossini that he was born at Pesaro, the 29th February, 1792, and how many times has he not been styled the "Swan of Pesaro"? The syndic of Lugo, in the province of Ravenna, has, however, written a letter claiming for that town the honour of being the composer's birthplace. At a meeting convened for the purpose, the members of the corporation council appointed a committee to collect and publish all the deeds and documents relating to the subject. They decided, also, at the same time, that a message of condolence should be addressed to Madame Rossini; that a statue of Rossini should be erected in one of the principal places of the town, and that his paternal house should be purchased at the expense of the *commune*, and preserved as a monument to the glory of Lugo. What will Pesaro say to all this? Particularly when Rossini's will contains, as we know, the words, "I bequeath my property eventually to the community of Pesaro, my birthplace." Is it not possible that Rossini was right?

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of Monday week drew one of the largest audiences of the season:—

PART I.

Septet, in E flat, Op. 20 Beethoven.
Song, "Amor nel mio penar" (*Flavio*) Handel.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein (pianoforte) Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata, in D major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment Corelli.
Song, "Du bist die Ruh," "Norman's Gesang" Schubert.
Quartet, in G minor, Op. 29, No. 3 (strings) Haydn.

Beethoven's septet was played on this occasion for the eighteenth time; so that, since its introduction in March, 1860, it has been given at least twice a year. A work so familiar and so popular may safely be let alone by professed critics. It has, long ago, passed from them, and become common property. The performance of Monday was in all respects admirable, and right heartily was it enjoyed. As usual, the thoroughly Beethovenish *scherzo* had to be repeated. Corelli's sonata was an interesting novelty, not only because written 169 years ago, but also because of the animation or quaint gravity of its nine short movements. The chief attraction it possesses is, however, due to antiquarianism. One likes to have these fossilized productions dug up, and brought out again to the light of day. In the case before us the effect was, that of a momentary return to the time when music walked on stilts, and thought of nothing but keeping its centre of gravity within a very narrow base. Herr Straus played the sonata remarkably well, and was recalled at its conclusion amid general applause. The concluding quartet—also a novelty at these concerts—is a charming example of Haydn's style. Full of quiet power, chaste elegance, and delightful tune, it held the audience to the last, and must have sent them home, if anything could, in cheerful mood. It was capitally played by MM. Straus, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti, and though heard for the first time, certainly not for the last.

Mr. J. F. Barnett, who made his first appearance at a Monday Popular Concert, was loudly applauded and recalled after Beethoven's sonata, which he gave with his accustomed spirit and in his accustomed manner. The vocal pieces, particularly Handel's very fine air, were admirably sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby.

The final concert of the ante-Christmas series was held last Monday night. Beethoven's universally-admired septet, which, played by Messrs. Straus, H. Blagrove, Lazarus, C. Harper, Wotton, Piatti, and Reynolds (violin, viola, clarionet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass), had created so lively an impression a week previously, was repeated, and the audience was the most crowded of the present season. This, the 19th performance of the septet at Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, is unlikely to be the last by 19 more, supposing the Monday Popular Concerts, as every lover of good music must wish, go on and prosper. The Septet was now placed at the end, instead of the beginning of the programme; but, no matter where it comes, it is always sure of its effect. The concert began with an extremely interesting work by Schubert—a quartet in G major, introduced for the first time at St. James's Hall. The quartet in G is a worthy pendant to the one in D minor, which it rivals, if not surpasses in colossal proportions. Both were produced in 1826, two years before their gifted composer's death. What must surprise every attentive hearer is that Schubert occupied scarcely more than ten days (from June 20 to June 30) in writing this quartet, each of the four movements of which is largely designed and elaborately wrought out. The *andante* and the *scherzo*—the former a stream of unceasing melody, the latter as full of humour and spirit as though Beethoven himself had owned it, with a trio the graceful homeliness of which is in Schubert's happiest vein—were the parts most readily and heartily appreciated on the occasion under notice; but we are greatly mistaken if the *allegro moderato*, which opens, and the *allegro assai*, which terminates, the quartet do not, with increasing familiarity, win more and more sympathy. The last in particular, a sort of *tarantella*, with a whole company of themes, one more tuneful, animated, and rhythmical than the other—movement, by the way, that has something in common with the *finale* of the quartet in D minor, just referred to—is pretty certain to become popular. Such a composition, however, as the quartet in G is not to be wholly grasped in a moment, and, indeed, it would hardly be what it is were no very extraordinary pains needed to study and comprehend it. It doubtless has faults, and, among others, that diffuseness which appears inseparable from Schubert's more ambitious works; but always deeply thought, always melodious, always poetical and original, it has manifold beauties which, in the majority of instances, by no means lie immediately beneath the surface. No published score of the quartet in G exists; and yet a single hearing, even without previous examination, suffices to convince any competent judge that it is a work of exceptionally high character. We believe that we owe its introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts (and it has never before been publicly played in this country) to Herr Ludwig Straus, to whom, in which case, we are doubly

indebted, first for his making known so genuine a masterpiece, next for the zealous and thoroughly efficient manner in which he accomplished the difficult task that Schubert, never over conciliating to his players, has in this instance awarded to the first violin. The other performers were Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti, all of whom were well up in their parts, the last playing his part with as much facility as though he had been studying nothing else all his life. The first hearing of an unknown work by Schubert is always looked upon as an event at the Monday Popular Concerts; and the excitement on the present occasion was general. The success of the quartet in G was decided, and Mr. Arthur Chappell has added a new treasure to a repertory which already could boast of the string quintet in C (too seldom given, by the way), the octet in F, the quartets in A minor and D minor, and the two great trios, to say nothing of solo sonatas for pianoforte.

The pianist at this concert was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose "first appearance" was no less successful than that of Mr. J. F. Barnett. Miss Zimmermann's solo was the early sonata of Mendelssohn in E major (Op. 6), the last movement of which she played with great spirit. Her duet was Beethoven's sonata in A, with violoncello (No. 3), in which she had the advantage of being associated with Signor Piatti, who never played more magnificently. Miss Zimmermann was greeted after both her performances with liberal applause, and, as a matter of course, called back to the platform at the end of each.

The singer was Miss Cecilia Westbrook, who gave "Knowst thou the land," the song of Goethe's *Mignon*, which Beethoven loved so well and set so beautifully that, if we may believe his fair correspondent, "Bettina," he was in ecstasies with his own music, and, in addition to this, one of Mendelssohn's brightest and most tuneful "spring songs" (*Frühlingslieder*), known in English as "The Charmer," in German, as "Durch den Walden dunkelt geht." Miss Westbrook sang both well, and was accompanied in both to absolute perfection by Mr. Benedict.

The concerts begin again on the 4th of January, when Herr Joachim (his first appearance) is to lead quartets by Mozart and Haydn, and to play, with Madame Arabella Goddard, Beethoven's duet-sonata in G, Op. 96.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

The Christmas pantomime will be produced on Monday before Christmas-day, to afford the 25,000 season ticket holders, schools, and young persons home for the holidays, an opportunity of witnessing it before the great influx of visitors. The pantomime has been undertaken by Mr. E. T. Smith, assisted by Mr. P. E. Hopkins, the scenery by Mr. Fenton and assistants. It is entitled *Harlequin Little Boy Blue, and Little Bo-Peep who lost her Sheep*. The scenes are more varied than hitherto at the Palace, and aided by the celebrated orchestra of the Company, conducted by Mr. Manns, the new Christmas entertainment bids fair to be the most attractive ever produced at the Crystal Palace. A variety of other amusements are provided, commencing on Boxing-day, which, falls this year on Saturday. Among the extra attractions comprised are Edmond's (late Wombwell's) great menagerie, King Theodore's Horse, "Hamme," the Prize Ox, Pulley's Circus, &c.

The Great Fancy Fair will extend throughout the entire length of the two naves. The decorations, with flags, banners, wreaths, shields, escutcheons, mottoes, &c., will be on a scale only to be attempted at the Crystal Palace, and whether beheld in the light of day, or by the brilliant illumination of the evening, so often described "as well worth a journey to Norwood," will be equally imposing. The entire basement of the Palace being now divided by brick walls, additional furnaces for heating the building have been constructed; and under the Centre Transept alone five thousand feet of additional hot water pipes have been laid down. The Tropical Department (closed last Christmas) will be open, and as the restoration of the Alhambra Court has proceeded to such an extent as to admit of visitors, it will be exhibited during the holidays. The Crystal Palace never stood higher in public estimation than now; and never more deserved its title of the "Palace of the People's Pleasures."

Additional trains will run on all the lines of railway surrounding the Palace, as well as excursion trains to London extending over three or four days. Except on Saturday 2nd and 9th of January, the price of admission will be invariably one shilling; and those who take railway tickets including admission to the Palace, will have no increase of fare to pay, the prices remaining as heretofore—viz., 1s. 6d. from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington; and 1s. 9d. from stations on the High Level Line. Season ticket holders are now conveyed to and from the Palace for a yearly payment of two guineas. Those who visit the Palace on any of the great days, will do well to go early.

REVIEWS.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 11, Vol. III. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The number before us is entirely taken up by seasonable, that is to say, Christmas music. Mr. J. L. Hatton contributes a song called "A Christmas Thought," smoothly and pleasantly written if not remarkably striking. A Christmas hymn (chorale) by G. B. Allen, a Carol by M. Gounod, and yet another hymn by Henri F. Hemy complete the vocal selections. For the pianoforte Dr. Rimbault has arranged Corelli's well-known *Pastorale*, and the harmonium pieces are exclusively old English carol tunes.

Musical Bijou. No. 23. Christmas number of Dance Music. [London: Metzler & Co.]

Two quadrilles by Marriot and Jullien, two galops by Montgomery and Cassidy, a waltz by Musgrave, and a polka by De Lille—all for sixpence.

The Rattler Galop. By CH. VALENTINE. [London: Metzler & Co.]

LIVELY—easy to play.

For thy dear sake, Beloved. Song. Written and composed by E. N. GRAZIA. [London: Ashdown & Party.]

A simple love song—compass very moderate and accompaniment easy.

Laugh while you may. Song. Words and Music by E. N. GRAZIA. [London: Ashdown & Party.]

In waltz measure, and the key of C. Moral—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Britannia is the Freeman's Home. New National Song. Words by JAMES LAMBIE. Music by F. W. KUCKEN. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The words of this latest addition to our fast increasing patriotic repertory are aglow with "bunccombe." They are, however, decently put together. The music is vigorous, and admirably suited to its purpose. Altogether the song is one of the best of its kind.

The Snow Polka. By ALPHONSE LEDUC. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

This is the best thing of its kind we have met with for a long time. It is altogether fresh and charming; one bar excepted (the second of the movement in G major) where the harmony is a bad imitation of French mannerism. This, however, is but a small drawback to a really admirable polka.

The Adeline Waltz. Composed for the pianoforte by JOHN BUCHANAN, Bandmaster, 74th Highlanders. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

A pleasing set, with, here and there, some snatches of original melody. The latter is a rare advantage.

Sweet is the breath of early morn. Song. Written and composed by JOHN HILLS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The melody of this song is not without charm, but the accompaniment is far from a satisfactory piece of work. The two bars of symphony at the end are especially clumsy.

Sweet Lady, to thy Lattice come. Serenade. Written by D. BRADBERRY. The music composed by JOHN HILLS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

This is a graceful song, unaffected and charming throughout. It can claim no originality, but, on the other hand, old materials are rarely so well used up.

Chappell's Vocal Album of Part-Songs, &c. No. 22. Sabbath Bells; No. 23. Serenade; No. 24. Cold Autumn Wind. Words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY. Music by HENRY SMART. [London: Chappell & Co.]

"CHAPPELL'S VOCAL LIBRARY," an excellent serial in all respects, could hardly have been enriched with three more genuine contributions than the above. Mr. Smart invariably writes well, but with these part-songs he seems to have taken even more than ordinary pains. Purer specimens of vocal harmony it would be difficult to find. It behoves us, nevertheless, to say which of the three has our preference; and even if they were better than they are (which is scarcely possible) we should still, as mere bipeds without feathers, have an absolute right to prefer of the three, one. Well then, we award the palm to the "Serenade," in D flat, which is exquisite from one end to the other. It sets out, cunningly, in A flat; and the mistress whom the supposed serenader is desirous of arousing is first quietly enjoined to "Awake" on the common chord of that key. But as the lady is not awakened by the unostentatious summons, she is again called upon by the united voices of serenader and friends to "Awake" on the chord of the dominant of D flat; and that artful G flat, which forms the minor seventh thereof, so effectually does the business that the serenader goes on, thence to the end, in the key of D flat, feeling assured that, perchance of this stratagem, the lady has actually been aroused, and "lists" (Byron) the whole song with willing ears. A lovelier song than that which Mr. Smart has set to the suggestive words of Mr.

Wellington Guernsey—who fairly asks (it being, we presume, midnight):—

"Can such an hour
Be lent alone to slumber's pow'r?"

—was never sung by ardent lover to half-sleeping lady. It is, in short, a perfect gem, and will doubtless be one of the attractions of Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts next year.

Beautiful, too, is "Sabbath Bells," in E flat. Here, in his (again suggestive) words, Mr. Guernsey invites us to church, where, as he remarks:—

"Pride and humbleness together,
Mingled streams of worship raise."

Mr. Smart's melody and harmony would tempt any one to church, were such temptation necessary. His part song is just as perfect, if not quite so full of character, as the other. Lastly, beautiful is the "Cold Autumn Wind," which Mr. Guernsey thus mildly reproaches:—

"Thou sendest the sere leaf from the tree."

But this one is somewhat too nearly after the manner of Mendelssohn. Such are our part songs. The more of them the better.

—o—

ROSSINI'S MACCARONI.

More than once we have expressed our contempt for the miserable cock-and-bull stories told of Rossini. With regard to one of them, the following letter sufficiently justifies us:—

To the Editor of the "Daily News."

SIR,—A paragraph has been going the round of the press, said to be a translation from the *Petite Presse*, in which it was said there was a "falling out" between Alexander Dumas, sen., and Rossini, concerning a cookery receipt. Rossini is said to have written a letter as follows:—"To M. Dumas (who asks for the receipt for cooking maccaroni),—I have (in truth) a marvellous receipt for dressing maccaroni, but I keep it for myself and my friends. Come and dine with me on Tuesday, and you will understand that when a man possesses such a treasure he guards it sedulously for himself." The said paragraph states—"The dinner Dumas declared was an indifferent one, and the latter always afterwards called Rossini a 'faux gourmand.' I was dining with M. Dumas on the 18th May, 1858, the letter came while we were at table. Mons. Dumas left Paris with me, on the 21st of May, to be present at my wedding in St. Petersburg. The dinner of Signor Rossini must therefore have been an impromptu affair, and I never, during the many weeks that M. Dumas resided with us, heard him either allude to it as being a failure, or call 'Il Maestro' a 'faux gourmand.' I have the letter sent by Signor Rossini to M. Dumas. Your insertion of it would at least prove that the great man who has passed from earth was not so selfish as one might be led to think on reading the paragraph in question. The following is the letter:—

"Before submitting my receipt to your cultivated appreciation, I beg you to come and taste the said maccaroni to-morrow (Wednesday) at half-past six o'clock precisely. Madame Rossini and I hope that you will pardon this spontaneous invitation in favour of the intention.—Friendship and fraternity.

—G. ROSSINI.—May 18, 1858."—I am, &c., D. D. HOME.

Ashby House, Ashby Place, Victoria Street, Dec. 11.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 16th annual meeting took place this week at the Norfolk Street offices—Lord Ranleigh in the chair. Mr. Graneisen, the secretary, having read the advertisement convening the meeting, the report of the executive committee was read. It states that the total withdrawal since the formation of the society (1852) to Michaelmas, 1868, were £328,984 19s. 6d.; the total sale of land for the same period was £583,650 15s. 1d.; the reserve fund to Michaelmas, 1868, is £15,089 18s. 2d. The last share number issued to 30th September, 1868, was No. 30,554. As regards the general business of the past year the executive committee refer with great satisfaction to the statement showing the increase in various sources of income. The committee are also enabled to add to the accounts of members holding uncompleted invested shares, not in arrear (in respect of which no interest has been paid), a bonus equivalent to six per cent. per annum; and on shares paid a year in advance and upwards, a bonus of one per cent. will be added to the accounts in the passbook. The following estates have been allotted since the last annual report:—1. North London, Finchley, 2nd portion 26th March, 1868; 2. Ipswich, Suffolk (East), 2nd portion 26th March; 3. Sandown estates, Isle of Wight, 2nd portion 26th March; 4. South London, Clapham Junction, East Surrey, No. 1. 29th April; 5. Ditto, 2nd portion 24th June; 6. Holloway (Upper), Middlesex, 23rd July; 7. Reigate, Red Hill, Surrey (East), 18th August; 8. Northampton (Kingsthorpe), Northamptonshire, 3rd of September. Owing to the combination with the United Land Company (Limited), the board has much pleasure in announcing that from the 30th of September the quarterly fees have been reduced to 1s. per share per annum, as a contribution towards the working expenses of the society.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4TH, 1869.
To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—			
MM. JOACHIM L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI	...	Mozart.	
SONG, "I know a song"—MISS EDITH WYNNE	...	Benedict.	
SONATA, in D major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD	...	Schubert.	
Piatti	...		
SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM	...	Beethoven.	
SONG, "Orpheus with his Lute"—MISS EDITH WYNNE	...	Arthur Sullivan.	
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI	...	Haydn.	
CONDUCTOR	...	MR. BENEDICT.	

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869,
To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—			
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERRINI, and PIATTI	...	Mozart.	
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY	...	Handel.	
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—			
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD	...	Beethoven.	
SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY	...	Rockstro.	
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI	...		
CONDUCTOR	...	MR. BENEDICT.	

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street. N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

DEATHS.

On the 10th inst., at 247, Marylebone Road, aged 79, Miss MARY HUNTRAY, niece of the late William Shield, the composer of the opera *Rosina*, etc., and master of the private bands of George III. and George IV.

On the 13th inst., suddenly, Mr. FISH, manager of the Hanover Square Rooms, aged 69.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

"PEGGING AWAY."

IN phrase as homely as himself, Abraham Lincoln showed how to command success. We are sometimes told that "everything comes to him who can wait," and he who has the gift of quiet expectation is, doubtless, fortunate. But here, again, extremes meet. The reward of patient waiting is also the reward of unrelenting effort. Everything comes to him who keeps "pegging away."

If everything, then success in concert-giving, the matter upon which we have a word to say *apropos* of the 300th Monday Popular gathering just passed. The history of Mr. Chappell's enterprise is full of significance, while the lesson taught cannot be mistaken. It is often urged by those who want an excuse for lazily floating with the tide, that public opinion is not ripe for this and the other thing. The statement may be correct, but, as an argument, it is worthless. Public opinion can be ripened. True, the process is expensive, but, having noted so much, there is nothing left to be overcome. Money and "pegging away," the one used to keep up the action of the other, can mould the public to the will of him who uses them. Hence, those who plead non-appreciation lead off on a false scent. Non-appreciation is a door which perseverance can unlock. Better say that perseverance—the will or the means for it—is wanting, and so make the real hindrance familiar. This is not so trivial a consideration as some may think. It involves all the difference between the possible and the impossible. If nothing be done because public taste is not ripe, nothing can be done. On the other hand, if nothing be done because of lacking funds, the obstacle may be removed. We should like it accepted as an axiom in concert-giving that "pegging away" can accomplish anything.

Illustrations to enforce the argument just advanced are not wanting, and foremost among them is that supplied by the Monday Popular Concerts. Had not Mr. Chappell brought into exercise his gift of perseverance (a gift he happily possessed the means of using), musical London would now have been without its weekly feast of good things. The Monday Popular Director had every justification during more than one or two seasons, for throwing up his hand and retiring from the game. It was the old story—a good thing begging opportunity to do good and not getting it. But Mr. Chappell took no denial. Like the successful gentleman who has just eased himself of the Premiership, he said, "You shall hear me," and, like him, he has carried out his threat. The result is a magnificent proof of what virtue lies in "pegging away." A public has been created by the Monday Popular Concerts; a public jealous for the integrity of the thing they once neglected, and of whom Mr. Chappell, another Frankenstein, is now the servant. The concerts are an institution, like Church and State, but without the slightest fear of a Suspensory Bill. "Men may come, and men may go; they go on for ever."

The moral ought not to be lost because it is much needed. The public is far from that obstinate and perverse thing of which we are sometimes told. Slow of motion, and not particularly alert at comprehending new ideas, we admit it to be, but against this must be set honesty and teachableness. Its mind is a "blank sheet of paper," or, rather, an untouched "plate" open to receive any impressions if only the graver work at it long enough. Whatever low or false tastes may be abroad can, therefore, be counteracted at a cost fairly open to estimate; and the promulgation of a love for good music, tested by Monday Popular Concert-giving—is merely a question of "pegging away." Whereof, let all concerned take note.

STETIN.—Evening Entertainments, on the model of those given at the Leipzig Conservatory, have been inaugurated at the Conservatory here, where the number of pupils has already increased to one hundred and thirty. The first of these Entertainments was given a short time since, and afforded great satisfaction to everyone interested in the institution.

BRUSSELS.—The latest novelties at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been the revival of *L'Africaine* and a new ballet, entitled *Bul-Bul, la Circassienne*. In the opera, Madame Franchino, a débutante, successfully sustained the part of Selika, and M. Warot that of Vasco de Gama; both artists were called for at the fall of the curtain. The new ballet was anything but a triumph. The blame is laid upon the composer of the music, M. Henri Beumer, the first violin attached to the theatre.—Madame Adelina Patti is announced to give a series of performances at the end of the month. All the places are already snatched up.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The last concert but one of the first half of the present series (on Saturday) was also one of the very best. It began with a vigorous performance of Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits* (his *Rubekahl* perfected), and ended with a no less vigorous one of Schumann's to his one opera, *Genoveva*. But the feature of the concert was Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," which we never anywhere remember to have heard before so magnificently executed from end to end. The *scherzo* was rapturously encored, and though the wind instruments have good deal to do in it, Mr. Manns accepted the encore without any apologetic address to the audience. He did wisely. Another feature was the recently unearthed duet in F minor for clarinet and corno di bassetto, which was admirably executed by M. Papé and Mr. Maycock. A new German singer, Fraulein Eiswald, gave the first air of the "Queen of Night" (*Die Zauberflöte*) and another air, showing herself mistress of a strong voice, but of no other qualification to speak of. At the last pre-Christmas concert (to-day) we are promised Mr. A. S. Sullivan's charming music to *The Tempest*, and a repetition of Schubert's *Song of Miriam*.

—o—

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Tuesday evening last the Amateur Philharmonic Society gave their first *soirée musicale* of the season, at the Assembly Rooms, St. John's Wood. The programme consisted of the *Stabat Mater* and a selection of operatic music. Although this is but the third year of the society's existence, the success which it has achieved has been so marked as to illustrate how much can be effected by careful training and regular attendance. The honorary conductor is Mr. G. Mount, to whose exertions the present satisfactory position of the society may be attributed.

MADAME EUGENE OSWALD gave a concert at St. George's Hall, on Saturday evening last, which was attended by a very large and appreciative audience. The *bénéficiaire*, whose name appeared some years ago as a student in the London Academy of Music, has earned for herself a well-recognized position as a pianist. Messrs. Holmes and Lazarus assisted in the instrumental portion of the concert, which could not be otherwise than acceptable with such aid. Mr. W. H. Tills, whose recent successful appearance at one of the New Philharmonic Society's *soirées*, was the subject of laudatory notice, fully justified the promise then made by his fine tenor voice and artistic training. Mlle. Bauernister supplied the place of Miss Fanny Holland, who was unavoidably absent.

On the 9th inst., a concert was given by the committee of the Christmas Dinner and Warm Clothing Association in aid of its funds, and we congratulate the promoters on the deserved success attending the exertions of a society which afforded last Christmas-eve a hearty Christmas dinner to nearly 1,500 persons, and has otherwise given substantial relief to many destitute families throughout the year. The programme, including the names of Messrs. Tito Mattel, Wright, Chatterton, G. Calkin, and Lewis Thomas, Mddles. Julia Elton, Poole, Besie Emmett, and others, was highly attractive. There were no less than thirteen encores, which were accorded to Messrs. Lewis Thomas, Tito Mattel, and Herr Emil Koetitz, and the Misses Julia Elton, Doria, and Besie Emmett. The last-named lady, who is pupil of Mr. J. Tennyelli Calkin, the treasurer of the association, gained great favour with the audience for her rendering of Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," the St. Andrew's Glee Club met with equal success and were recalled after two of the three pieces allotted to them. Herr Emil Koetitz made his first appearance as a public pianist in this concert, and met with great and deserved success. There was a chorus of about fifty ladies and gentlemen, friends of the association, who executed several choruses and madrigals with great precision. The conductor was Mr. J. Tennyelli Calkin, the accompanist, Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin, both of whom exerted themselves, with success. Nearly £50 will be realized by the concert.

THE New Philharmonic Society gave its fifth *soirée musicale* on Tuesday evening, in St. George's Hall. The first part opened with Mr. John F. Barnett's String Quartet in D, which received every justice from Messrs. Pollitzer, N. Mori, Webb, and Paque; it was followed by some vocal pieces sung by Miss Blanche Ellerman and Herr C. Wallenreiter. The first movement of De Beriot's Concerto in D was well played by Mr. Richard Blagrove on the concertina, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mrs. Blagrove. Beethoven's favourite Sonata in D major, No. 1, for pianoforte and violin, was artistically rendered by Miss Mori (who has greatly improved since last season) and Mr. Henry Holmes; both artists were loudly applauded. In the

second part Mr. Henry R. Bird played Chopin's "Troisième Ballade," Op. 47, in a brilliant manner, and the Misses Rose Royle and F. Harrison gave much satisfaction in a pianoforte duet. M. Paque very agreeably varied the programme with a solo for the violoncello arranged by himself. Mr. Frederick Davison was the director for the evening, and Mr. William Ganz accompanied.

THE Walworth Choral Union, in connection with the Walworth Institution, gave a performance, in an abridged form, of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, on Tuesday, and gave the greatest satisfaction to the audience. In the rendering of the choruses there was little opportunity for criticism, all being admirably done. Mr. Gadsby (who also conducted) recited the verses (the music to which was omitted) and sang the air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries." Miss Dix gave "Softly sweet," but, being unwell, scarcely accorded to the air the finish which usually characterizes her singing. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, and embodied a remarkably good selection of subjects. Foremost amongst them were "The Vintage Song" (*Loreley*) for male voices, Bishop's "Blow, gentle gale," Rossini's "Charity," Mr. Henry Smart's "Ave Maria," and Meyerbeer's "Sancta Maria" (*Dinorah*).

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

MR. HENRY FARMER's second chamber concert will take place on Monday, the 21st inst., at Nottingham. It is intended to be a Mendelssohn night, and will include the C minor Trio, the D String Quartet, a short selection of *Lieder ohne Worte*, and the G minor Concerto for pianoforte, with string accompaniments.

TORQUAY.—Mr. Charles Fowler continues his pianoforte recitals at Villa Mentone. We abridge a report of the third, which appeared in the local *Directory* :—

"The programme and the rendering of the compositions were worthy of any concert. Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* opened the first part. From the first bar to the peroration it was listened to with the deepest attention. The other pieces in the first part were: Rondo in E flat, Stiebel, and Bourrée, Bach. Mr. Fowler's sonata (dedicated to Mr. Charles Hallé) opened the second part, and was again heard with marked pleasure, each of the movements receiving hearty applause. Next came Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor; the prelude was started at a furious speed, and was finished much more furiously. The recital was brought to a close by Mr. Fowler's second Tarentelle. Signor and Madame Garcia supplied the vocal music. These eminent artists have taken up their abode in Torquay, and their presence here is so valuable, that we trust their engagements will induce them to remain."

LEEDS.—We abridge from the *Leeds Evening Express* the following account of a concert given by the Amateur Vocal Association :—

"This young society of gentleman amateurs gave their annual *soirée* in the Town Hall on the 10th. The *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music thereto, was given complete. It was a bold venture, but we must admit that it was attended with a greater amount of success than we had anticipated. We need not specify all the pieces in the work. Taken as a whole, the performance was most creditable. In the unison passages the choir sang out lustily and with confidence; but in the harmonized and more difficult parts, they judiciously reined themselves in, and allowed the band to predominate. The bass recitations were sung by Mr. Wilkinson, a well-known amateur. His fine voice told well, though there was not always a perfect understanding between him and the band. The Rev. G. B. Poreus, curate of Burley Church, Leeds, read the libretto with great intelligence and force. It is not his fault altogether that his reading could not be distinguished except by those immediately near him, for the acoustic properties of the Victoria Hall are notoriously against reading and speaking. Mr. Haddock's band played the overture exceedingly well, and the accompaniments were creditably given. To Mr. Dodds, the conductor, no little praise is due. The training and rehearsing of such amateurs as he has under him require patience, nerve, ability, and considerable tact; and the result last night will, we hope, be a reward for all his trouble. After the *Antigone* performance, coffee and tea were served in an adjoining room, so that, besides music, there were many things to be enjoyed, for providing which the Leeds amateurs are becoming famous."

CHELTENHAM.—The following is abridged from the *Cheltenham Examiner* :—

"The concert arranged by Mr. W. Gardiner, at which the Sisters Doria and Signor Tito Matti made their first appearance before a Cheltenham audience, took place on Wednesday evening, and attracted a large and fashionable company. The concert had been looked for

ward to with some interest, the three artists being well known here by reputation, Signor Mattei as a composer, and the Sisters Doria as the daughters of a gentleman long resident in Cheltenham, Mr. John Barnett. The concert was a thorough success. Signor Mattei's performance showed refinement and grace, and was heartily applauded. Mdlle. Rossmunda Doria displayed knowledge of her art. Balf's ballad, 'Mary Mavourneen,' was sung with such effect that the fair songstress had to concede an encore. The first few bars of Donizetti's difficult cavatina, 'Come innocente,' stamped Mdlle. Clara Doria as thoroughly versed in the art of vocalization. A good command of voice, and a pure and occasionally brilliant execution were strikingly apparent. Signor Caravoglia fully sustained his reputation. Signor Li Calsi accompanied."

MUSIC FOR PANTOMIMES.

In a short time, amongst the jubilant invitations to jollity in the papers, will be found the programmes of the enterprising managers who get up our pantomimes. Without entering into any unkind speculations touching the literature of these works, we may refer to one branch of the shows, which admits of improvement. Your pantomime is nothing without music. The frolics of the fairies, the jokes of the clowns, the scenes in the Halls of Bliss, and the discomfiture of the police, are all done to set tunes in the orchestra. Why should these tunes always run in a vulgar and a foolish strain? We have the dread already of hearing "Up in a balloon," and all the rest of it, of an overture in which, after a little preparatory fudging amongst the confused recollections of the leader, the whole band catch hold of an air of Vance, and keep tossing it to one another from flute to trombone until the gallery and pit almost fancy themselves again enjoying the reek of gin and water in their favourite haunts. We cannot imagine that the boxes or stalls like this sort of thing. There is no necessity for it whatever. Most of the orchestra leaders in London are men of fair musical education of a craftsmanlike order, and a few of them are sound and sincere artists. They could without much trouble construct, if not original music, something charged with the grace and spirit of old English or Irish airs for instance, or of the simpler opera melodies. We should not require them to write music for children; that has never been done yet successfully, and never will be. A child can no more understand music than painting; its emotions are not mature or deep enough to be stirred consciously. Neither does a child, thank heaven, understand the puns, puns, and politics of the pantomime, nor even the story which, under modern treatment, becomes a complex and bewildering business, to appreciate which an acquaintance with the high jinks of Cremorne or the Mabille is almost as requisite as a knowledge of the nursery-book. Sill let us have as much of the make-believe of simplicity and innocence as we can in the music at least. Putting aside now the "Raggedy Jack" or "Rollocking Ram" tunes, there is a fine chance for a musical writer in the pantomime ballets. Nothing could be more slovenly or wooden than the music in these diverting gambols last year. The women did not, as a rule, attempt to keep time to them, but simply knocked about the stage, the deranged orchestras having difficulties, as it were, with their scores which were generally settled with the smallest reference to the dancing. For this there is no excuse, as there are endless ballet pieces by good masters which could be adapted to the occasions. We once heard a dainty and fanciful waltz of Chopin's introduced into a ballet with an effect that relieved the display of much of its coarseness. Then, again, there is the "hurry" music. Now it grumbles in a sullen way; now it rests apparently with a single fiddler, who plucks his strings; anon, as the novelists would say, you hear a sudden yelp like the first burst from a full pack of harriers, then there is another interval of promiscuous scraping and tootling, which is diversified with a thump on the drum, enforcing a joke of the clown's. Is this all written down, or have the musicians general directions to do as they like for the fun of the thing, and just come home in the finish on a signal from their leader? This part of the entertainment, too, being in dumb show is supposed to eke out its meaning in some degree through the orchestra; but except in that touch of fine art expressed so unfailingly on the drum, we must consider that up to this it does not achieve its purpose. We believe that in no country which boasts of civilized musical instruments would be found a taste for the barbarous noise to which we are treated at the fag end of a night of fooling. To be sure a musician might well shrink from an attempt to render the hot poker and its living confederates with variations; but there is such a thing as genuine mirthful music, altogether different from the convulsive caricature of it we have endeavoured to describe. Offenbach is gay, for example, though his gaiety is French; but he would be just the composer to make a pantomime endurable. We have not a glut of Offenbachs here, but we should be grateful for lesser mercies. The managers have this in their power. While they turn up their virtuous palms and eyes at the iniquities of the low music halls, they fall back

on the music of these places at the first moment that a custom gives them an apology for the stratagem. It may be said that as there are no words spoken, those *Lieder ohne Worte* can do no harm. Well, we may grant that music cannot be smirched or soiled; and a tune that has travelled for years with Christy's Minstrels may conduct itself in a church (where its antecedents are unknown) with decorum and even edification. There are cases in point, but once you label a tune and proclaim its origin, it becomes responsible for the places where it was potted, and the people by whom it was cherished. Besides, we are almost inclined to suspect that an air extracted from mean sources, and only used for low purposes, will assert its vagrant nature and relations even when divorced from words. This point, however, we need not dwell upon. Here we simply desire to protest against the slanginess and worthlessness of pantomimic music. It is worse than the plots, worse than the reeling and contortions of the ballet, and almost as irritating and vexatious as the extortions of the boxkeepers.—*Daily News.*

On the "Response of Choristers."

Young men, I read your answering lines
With feelings of regret;
That "milk for babes" ye still require,
Nor bear "strong meat" as yet!
For Father Faber's hymn I deem
A weak, unhealthy strain—
A sickly, feeble, infant wail,
That moans of longings vain.

A strain that very fitly might
By invalids be sung,
But ill adapted for the lips
Of vigorous men and young.
Had I strong muscle in my arm,
And stout heart in my breast,
I would not sing "Oh, Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest!"

I'd sing a strain that should incite
To noble deeds and high!
A stirring strain of battles won
In bloodless victory!
I would not sing with head hung down,
And sad, "lack-lustre gaze,"
But with a natural gladness stand
In attitude of *praise*.

No need to say that "levity"
Becomes not holy place;
Nor yet to tell how "angels veil"
Before the Throne the face;
For seraphs are but servants bright,
We "sons and daughters" dear!
And children in their Father's face
May smile without a fear.

I would that *all* in snowy vest
Wore yet a *whiter* dress,
The spotless and unsullied robe
Of Christ's pure righteousness!
I would young men would "lay aside"
The "weight" of tiny cross,
And for the victor's crown in view,
"Count" solemn trifling "dross!"

And time is far too brief to waste
In singing thine a-day
The dreary, useless, fruitless wish
That we were far away!
The longest life is all too *short*,
To do His high behest,
Who in His own good time will say:
"Enter the promised rest!"

ELIZABETH SURRE.

VIOLINS AND VIOLINISTS.—One day lately all the violinists of Paris seemed to have made an appointment to meet each other at the Hôtel des Ventes. The attraction was the sale by auction of Bergonzi, Stradivariuses, and Guarneriuses, together with bows signed Lafleur, Tourte, and Poccati. The Bergonzi fetched especially fabulous sums, and all the others realized good ones. The connoisseurs were radiant with delight.

HALEVY AND HIS MASS.—Every year the Association of Composers used to make five or six thousand francs with a mass for which they were indebted to the kindness of some popular colleague. On one occasion, Baron Taylor applied to the composer of *La Juive*. "What are you thinking of?" replied Halévy. "Don't you know I am a Jew?" "What does that matter? Religion makes no difference when a work of charity is to be done."—"That's true. You shall have your mass, but I will not write the 'Credo.'" And thus it came to pass that, the year in question, the Association had a mass by Halévy with the "Credo" written by Ambroise Thomas.

MADAME PAREPA IN AMERICA.

(From the "Semi-Weekly Telegraph," of 18th November, 1868.)

A musical treat, such as that of Saturday evening, was never before offered in this territory, and our citizens, ever anxious to testify their love for the divine art, turned out *en masse* and crowded the theatre from parquette to dome. Such an assemblage of the *élite* of the city and neighbouring settlements we have not seen before for some time, and it must have satisfied even the dubious that there is considerable love and admiration out here in the wilderness of the beautiful in art. A more appreciative audience we never saw, and the absence of some source of annoyance to the attentive listener, audible conversation during the singing, added greatly to the enjoyment of all.

To say that Madame Parepa-Rosa sang exquisitely would convey but a very inadequate idea of her splendid performance. She is an artist so admirable that the task of analyzing the qualities of her voice and her method of execution would be onerous—almost irksome. A few sweeping assertions expressive of entire satisfaction, would perhaps nearer convey the impression her brilliant singing left upon the audience on Saturday evening. Without exception, she is the most captivating vocalist that has ever appeared in the West. Her voice is a soprano of the fullest compass, and, in the upper register, its bird-like qualities are as near perfection as it is possible to conceive of.

She was enthusiastically encored at the termination of each song, but at the conclusion of Millard's ballad, "Waiting," the storm of applause was perfectly deafening, and as a mere return and courtesy would not satisfy the enthusiasm of the audience, Madame Rosa sang that touching, familiar little ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer." The song has been sung so frequently that, in spite of its touching beauty, it has somewhat palled on the ear, but as rendered by Madame Rosa our early love and appreciation of it returned, and we have no hesitation in saying that to hear this one song alone, so exquisitely, touchingly beautiful was it rendered, would have compensated the audience for their attendance.

SPURGEONIC MUSIC.

An American paper prints the following musical experience of Mr. Spurgeon's Temple:—

The singing was *tame*, *poor*, *almost execrable*. In the first place, the tunes were poorly chosen, and the hymns ill (*sic*) selected. This, you know, will in itself load the church-singing with a weight hard to be carried. I was surprised that in all the three or four hymns selected by Mr. Spurgeon that morning, not one was really lyrical in its composition. From this I drew the conclusion that, eminent and skillful as Mr. Spurgeon is in the ecclesiastical trade, he is but "poor sticks" in the singing department. His custom is first to read a hymn through. Then he begins again and reads verse by verse, as the audience sings. What object he has in this I cannot see. Everybody in the church has a hymn-book in his hand, and if they had not, no one can remember four lines of a long stanza so as to join in singing it. At least I cannot. If I get to the end of the *third* line I feel that I am doing well; the fourth *always* escapes my memory. If the good parson would deacon the liner, *two at a time*, in camp-meeting style, there might be some good reason for it. But even then it is liable to this objection, that the contrasts between the musical sounds of the singers and unmusical sounds of the speaker, grates unpleasantly upon the ear. In short Mr. Spurgeon's plan of reading verse by verse has nothing to commend it.

I said the tunes were poorly chosen. One of them was the old tune of "Arlington," one of the most difficult pieces for congregational singing, where there is no instrument or choir, that the books present. You know what extremely long notes Arlington has, and how they contrast with the quick skipping notes that make up the 3-4 waltz-time of that tune. I knew in a moment what was coming. The catastrophe was imminent. One-half of the congregation sung in 4-4 time, one-quarter in 3-4 time, and the balance in a time compounded of the two! Poor Spurgeon! he stood aghast as the discordant waves from that great ocean of 6,000 voices rolled upon him. I was glad for his sake that he did *not* have what is called a *musical ear*.

He read his second verse, then looking quizzically around the congregation, remarked that "singers should endeavour to keep time. Some of the congregation, in that verse, had been half a note behind the rest!" Half a note! ah, my good Spurgeon, you might safely have said "half a neck," "a length," behind. Some of them, indeed in the language of the turf, were "nowhere"; they were completely "distanced."

The second verse was commenced, and to be sure of having it right, Mr. Spurgeon actually *beat the time* with his own broad and honest right hand. But the way he beat it would have made the brazen serpent laugh. Instead of the 3-2 beat, which everybody who has ever led a singing class understands, he brought his hand down at *every note*,

imitating a drummer making the tattoo. It was one of the most ludicrous sights I ever beheld, and if that congregation didn't enjoy the scene they are a duller set than I take them for. Of course, it did not make the slightest impression on the singers, who went on, each in his own measure, destroying the meaning of that beautiful and difficult air, as such congregations always do.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SINGER (FAIR SEX.)

At fifteen.—She sings prettily and listens to advice. People say: "How gentle and modest she is!"

At sixteen.—She begins to give herself airs. She knows she is handsome; she is amiable.

At seventeen.—Admirers appear. People wish her many happy returns on her birthday; she still blushes at compliments.

At eighteen.—She is a coquet. She calls upon the critics. She suffers from colds, and already complains that managers make her sing too much.

At nineteen.—She misses rehearsals.

At twenty.—She travels for a month.

At twenty-one.—She is continually talking about her guardian; she plots against the other members of the company; she causes herself to be applauded, and causes them to be hissed.

At twenty-two.—She is at par.

At twenty-three.—She becomes tender and melancholy.

At twenty-four.—She talks about an ambassador who intends marrying her.

At twenty-five.—She gives dinner-parties, but eats only a few crumbs herself, for she is beginning to get stout.

At twenty-six.—She complains that managers do not make her sing enough.

At twenty-seven.—She has an action.

At twenty-eight.—She confesses quietly that the applause is failing off.

At twenty-nine.—She jokes about being twenty-one next birthday.

At thirty.—She calls in the fashionable beautifier.

At thirty-one.—She falls desperately in love with a mere boy.

At thirty-two.—She is as amiable as possible with the manager whom she formerly despised so much.

At thirty-three.—The papers grow cool.

At thirty-four.—They are silent.

At thirty-five.—She goes into the provinces.

At forty-five.—You come across her in the chorus of some obscure theatre.—*Le Gaucho*.

[The whole of which is a concentration of lies and libels, friend Henry de Peine (*sic*).—A. S. S.]

Odd Thoughts.

"At a bar-dinner, Mr. Sam Ewing, a lawyer and a punster, was called upon for a song, and while hesitating to respond, a judge present observed that it wouldn't be much, as it would be but Sam (psalm) singing. 'Well,' rejoined Ewing, 'even that would be better than him (hymn) singing.' The judge wilted."

This story (American, of course), is valuable for its new verb "to wilt." Lexicographers please note, but don't copy.

A writer in the *Continental Gazette* says:—

"Are you curious to know what Mdlle. Schneider gains at the Théâtre des Variétés, now the favourite resort of every Parisian, and of all foreigners who spend a day or two in Paris? This year she has realized 90,000fr. by appearing 250 times before the public. Now, if to this sum we add what she gained by playing, during her month's holiday, in different towns in France, the amount will come to 130,000fr."

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—"A Bewildered Musician," who has been constrained to hear a great deal about the Cattle Show, would be glad to be informed what sort of an instrument the "Scotch Horn" is.—Punch.

TUBIS.—At the Carignano, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has been produced, but in so unsatisfactory and slovenly a fashion as to mar its beauty.

KÖNIGSBURG.—*Die Legende von der heiligen Elisabeth*, the oratorio composed by the Abbé Liszt for the Wartburg Festival, was performed lately by the new Vocal Union. It had only been performed previously at Munich and Prague, and had never been published. A copy of the score was obligingly lent for the occasion by the management of the Theatre Royal, Munich.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is at Boulogne-sur-Mer, taking a brief repose after her provincial tour in England, which is to re-commence early in February.

The Monday Popular Concerts begin again on the 4th of January, when Herr Joachim is to be the violinist, and Madame Goddard the pianist. The programme is printed at length in our advertising columns.

Herren Carl Tausig and Anton Rubinstein, the "lion-pianists" of the hour, are roaring loudly against each other in the Prussian capital. Of the two, if report may be credited, Herr Tausig roars the louder. If only Abbé Liszt, lion of lions, would but "shake wide his yellow mane," wag his magnificent tail, extend his ample jaws, and roar them both down! He could easily do it, and then, as the French say, true connoisseurs, and true lovers of music, "*de rire*."

Mr. Edward Murray has returned from Italy.

Opera is doing badly in Madrid, and Signor Naudin has left without once appearing.

Signor Tamberlick has arrived in Paris from Madrid to enter upon his engagement at the Italiens.

M. Arban's last concert at the Salle Valentino was in honour of Rossini, whose music alone was performed.

Madame Patti has recovered her voice, and on the night of her re-appearance brought 16,000 francs to the treasury.

Miss Minnie Hauck makes her *début* in Paris at the end of this month. Mlle. de Murska follows on the 10th of January.

Offenbach's *Litzchen und Fritzen* is in rehearsal at the Gaité, with Miss Constance Loseby and Mr. Charles Lyall as the hero and heroine.

A funeral service has been held in the Warsaw Cathedral in honour of Rossini. The *Stabat Mater* was performed and the church was hung with black.

Essex, Mass., has a little girl three years old, who plays over two hundred pieces on the piano. She ought to be in the back yard making mud-pies.

The Italian composers have adopted Signor Verdi's suggestion, and a commission has been appointed to arrange the details of a Rossini commemorative mass.

We understand that Mr. Henry Bryceson will read a paper on "The Electric Organ," at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, on Wednesday next. There will be a discussion afterwards.

Messrs. Ditson & Co., of New York, advertise that a certain Pianoforte Method has made a "quarter of a million accomplished pianists." Mr. Director of the Monday Popular Concerts, here is good news for you.

Mlle. Sarolta's success at Moscow was thus telegraphed to Paris:—"Hier. *Don Juan*. Appeared as Zerlina. Immense success. Superb bouquets. Innumerable calls for Sarolta. Great triumph." Happy Sarolta!

M. Pasdeloup's latest popular scheme included Mendelssohn's first Symphony, the *Adagio* from Haydn's thirty-sixth Quartet (by all the strings), the *Leonora* overture, a pianoforte concerto in G minor by M. Saint-Saëns, and the overture to *Obéron*.

We now learn that Signor Fraschini, against whom an action for breach of engagement is pending, has resolved upon going to St. Petersburg and fulfilling the terms of his agreement. Why not have done so before and saved a heap of bother?

The company of Tyrolean singers from the Zillethal, under the direction of Mr. Nimmo, of London, has been giving some special afternoon performances at the Queen's Hall, Bold Street, Liverpool, to numerous and highly appreciative audiences.

An American paper says:—

"Miss Nettie Sterling, of New York, is meeting with great success in England as a concert singer."

Is she, indeed! But home news often comes from far.

The veteran fifer, Josiah Smith, of the ancient and honourable artillery of Boston, has just added another stripe to his military coat, making the fourteenth, and representing 70 years of service. The veteran fife-major hopes to gain one more, which would represent 75 years of duty.

At Mr. Charles Hallé's most recent concert, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester (Thursday night), the principal novelty was a serenade by Mozart, given for the first time in England. It is written for two oboes, two clarinets, two corni di bassetto, four horns, two bassoons, and contra fagotto.

The *Adagio* from Beethoven's Septet was performed last Sunday at the Paris Conservatoire by two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, and all the stringed instruments. M. George Hainl conducted, and ought to have known better than to countenance such a violation of a great composer's intention.

Madame Alice Mangold, who is at present on a visit to Nice, recently gave a concert in that city, which was largely and fashionably attended. The *Journal de Nice* speaks of her performance in the highest terms, applauding alike the intelligence and precision which marked every effort. Madame Mangold was to have made her second appearance on Wednesday last, when she was announced to play some selections from Chopin, including the "Funeral March" and Grand Study in A minor.

The theatrical advertisements which precede the leading articles in the *Times* but recently gave an excellent example of the imbecility of the burlesques of the present day. The following songs were said to be "rapturously encored," "vociferously applauded," and "re-demanded three times nightly":—"Oolee-Eelee-Oo;" "Pip-Pip-Pipsy-Wipacey-Wee;" "Muffin, Tea, and Crumpet;" "She gives me Lumago;" "The Bells go a-ringing for Sarah;" "Couldn't help Screaming;" "The Beautiful Dinner Bell," &c., &c.

An American journal says:—

"We hope honest ministers are not rare, yet we sometimes wonder how it is that many of them reconcile with truth their deceptive forms of expression, which are in the face of obvious facts. For instance, there is a sanctuary in which a quartet monopolizes the singing, and the minister rises, hymn-book in hand looks the congregation in the face, and says, 'Let us sing the 173rd Hymn!' The only honest announcement made in such a case, which has come to our knowledge, was in our own hearing, a few Sabbath's since in the Pearl Street Church, Hartford, Ct. The pastor, to our equal astonishment and delight announced, 'We will now listen to the singing of the 361st Hymn!' And 'listen' we all did, for not a soul out of the choir loft peeped or muttered. We commend this new outbreak of honesty to all similarly situated, whose consciences may be troubled by the customary form."

The *Choir* observes that, "musicians abroad are, as a rule, treated with more honour and courtesy than in this country. In France particularly, the composer or performer is recognized as a fit companion for those whose high rank is in England too often regarded as a *cordon* effectually shutting them out from the *monde artiste*. As a notable illustration of the truth of our assertion we need only point to the course of illustrious men gathered round the grave of Rossini, and to the fact that M. Ambrose Thomas has been one of the guests of the Emperor during the stay of the Court at Compiègne."

Here is one verse of a new national song by A. Testgen:—

"Land of a rooted renown,
Thou little, thou mighty land,
Over which the wing'd Godhead has flown,
And impressed his peculiar brand."

The authors of "God bless our Sailor Prince," and "God bless the Princess Too," had better look to their laurels.

The *Sunday Times*, speaking of Mr. John Francis Barnett's recent performance at the Monday Popular Concerts, writes as follows:—

"Who aims the sky, shoots higher far
Than he who aims a tree."

"Mr. Barnett invariably 'aims the sky,' and seems dissatisfied with anything below the highest. The 'last infirmity of noble minds' is strong upon him, and hence he has followed up his great *coup*, as a composer—the *Ancient Mariner*—by, as a pianist, the 'Waldstein' Sonata. Both the one and the other have earned him recalls, and the inference is that Mr. Barnett can play a 'Waldstein' as well as he can compose an *Ancient Mariner*. In our opinion that inference is perfectly just. His individuality comes out with equal prominence in each. Mr. Barnett's music to Coleridge's wild poem cannot be mistaken for that of the composer's whose daring flights it emulates, neither can anybody say that when interpreting Beethoven's mysterious utterances he copies the style of Clara Schumann, Arabella Goddard, or Charles Hallé. Mr. Barnett, consequently, has that rare thing in our day, originality. Whether the form of it be acceptable or not is another question altogether. At all events, its possessor is lifted out of the ruck, and made a man of mark. Only to give one example, Mr. Barnett's reading of the short *Adagio molto* excited a strong sensation, and was a theme of general comment."

The prospects of the Music of the Future were sometime since improving in Munich. The King of Bavaria had long been anxious to witness adequate performances of Herr Wagner's operas, especially of the *Trilogy of the Nibelungen*, which was to last through several evenings. The composer was dissatisfied with all existing theatres, and just as he had composed his own *libretti*, and given directions for the formation of

an entirely new school of singing, so he laid before his Royal friend the plans for a new lyric temple, of vast dimensions, to be reserved for *Zukunfts-musik*. Herr Wagner's scheme included an entirely new street!—and it was thought desirable to eliminate that part of his programme. But the model of a Wagnerian theatre was laid before the King by Professor Semper of Zurich. This building was to adjoin the Royal palace; its style was to be Renaissance, and, it is said, of astounding grandeur and richness. The interior arrangements were to be strictly conformable to Herr Wagner's view of the dignity of his prophetic muse, and the seats after the fashion of the Coliseum and other ancient theatres. The Bavarians would have had to pay no less than £250,000 for this little operatic amenity. And now what has become of the whole scheme?

SIR.—As a specimen of what can be done by a French librettist, I quote the following version of some portions of Goethe's *Faust*, in Conrad's opera. It will be relished by such of your readers as are familiar with the two languages:—

Goethe's.	French Version.
"Bin Magister, heisse Doctor gar.	"Je m'appelle le Docteur Gar.
Wie sie kurz angebunden war.	
Das ist zum Entzücken gar!"	"Sa courte robe était à râvir."
This is just as good as the Englishman's version of the well-known "Nachbarin, euer Fläschchen," by "Madam, your bottle," or the American's of the following stanza in Goethe's "Turkish Drinking Song," composed by Mendelssohn: "Sonst trübt sich der Elfer (superior brand of the year 1811) im Glase," by "And raise not the wine-elf so genial."—Your obedient servant,	T. DUFF SHORT.

ROSSINI AND THE CAT.—During the Carnival of 1820, an opera by the young master was performed at the Scala, Milan. In the first act, there was a magnificent duet leading up to the *finale*. During the *adagio* of this duet, a large white cat walked upon the stage, where it quietly sat down, and began to clean itself, rubbing its nose with its paw, after previously passing the latter over its ear, an action which it is considered in Italy to forbode wet. The prompter endeavoured, but in vain, to scare away the intruder, who continued its toilet in the calmest fashion imaginable. The audience laughed and cried out, "It is going to rain! It is going to rain!" The duet and *finale* were badly sung, and the act concluded amid shouts of laughter. At that period the composer was bound to preside in the orchestra at the piano, placed on the left, behind the double basses. Rossini was apparently indifferent to the presence of his feline visitor and of the roars it provoked, but, in reality, felt deeply annoyed and piqued. To revenge himself, he pretended not to notice the enthusiasm caused by the quartet. Though the applause and the shouts were deafening, he would not rise to bow his thanks. A long time elapsed before Andreoli, the first double-bass, and Sturioni, the first violoncello, could prevail on him to incline his head a little.

MILAN.—The Carcano and the Santa Radegonda have both at length brought their so-called autumn season to a conclusion, after the usual amount of "definitively last nights," and "by particular requests." The former theatre will re-open for the Carnival, but the latter has not as yet found a manager. The last novelty at the Carcano was the revival of *Faust*.—The business at the Santa Radegonda was not, as a rule, good, until the production of *Don Procopio*, with the buffo, Signor Papini. This old opera of Fioravanti's did for the little theatre what Romani's *Mantello* and Mozart's *Nozze* had been unable to do, namely: filled it every evening.—Signor Terziani will be the conductor at the Scala during the Carnival.—The Quartet Society of Milan have re-commenced their meetings. An engagement was offered Signor Sivori, but, for some reason or other, not accepted by him.

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Vo Danzar (Valzer). Sung by Mdlle. CARLOTTA PATTI	5 0
La Pesca (Canzone). Sung by Mr. LEWIS THOMAS	3 0
Mergellina. Sung by Signor STAGNO	3 0
Il farfallone. Sung by Signor FERRANTI	3 0
Non e ver (Romanza). Sung by Signori CIABATTA e CARA- VOGLIA	3 0
Non torno (Romanza). Sung by Signori CIABATTA e CARA- VOGLIA	3 0
Lo scapato. Sung by Mr. SANTLEY	3 0

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